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## ACCOUNT OF THE LAST BATTLES AND DEATH IN INDIA OF COLONEL WILLIAM BAILLIE OF DUNAIN, 1780-1782.

BY CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, F.S.A., SCOT., M.P.

—o—

AMONGST the many distinguished soldiers the County of Inverness has produced, few held a better position, or had higher prospects than Colonel William Baillie of Dunain, who died in 1782.

The family of Baillie is of long standing, and traces its descent from the Balliol, who founded the College of that name at Oxford. A branch settled at Dunain about the year 1452, and besides Dunain as it existed until lately, the possessions of the family formerly included Dochcairn, Easter Dochgarroch, Torbreck, Balrobert, and Knocknagail.

At the middle of last century, when Alexander Baillie was proprietor, the fortunes of the family were at a low ebb. Alexander Baillie had two sons, William and John, and two daughters, one Anna, married to George Baillie of Leys, the other Helen, married to Dr Alves of Shipland. William Baillie was intended for the law, but disliking the profession, procured without difficulty, in a stormy period, a Commission as Lieutenant in the old 89th Regiment in 1759, and afterwards entered the service of the East India Company.

His brother, John, afterwards Colonel of the Inverness Fencibles, his cousin, Lieut. Francis Baillie, and several men from the Parish of Inverness, were in the year 1780 serving in India. Thirty years ago, the story of Colonel Baillie's defeat and capture by Hyder Ali and his son Tippoo Saib, through the alleged default of Sir Hector Munro, and his confinement and death in Seringapatam, were often related about Inverness. It is now known but to few, and as we are in possession of several documents bearing upon it, and as an Inverness man was the principal figure, an authentic account may not prove out of place in a Magazine printed in the Highland Capital.

In the year 1780 Hyder Ali made a determined attempt to crush the Company, having some European corps in his service, with several French officers. He crossed the Ghauts, and as a first step, on 9th July, invaded the Carnatic with an army of 100,000 men, plundered and burnt the country to within 50 miles of Madras, and laid siege to Arcot, the capital of the Nabob of the Carnatic, with whom we were at friendship. A force of about 5000 assembled at Madras, in the month of July, to resist this

invasion, under command of General, afterwards Sir Hector Munro of Novar. The detachment, consisting of about 3000 men, commanded by Colonel Baillie, had been stationed at Gintoir Circar, and at the urgent request of the Nabob, was ordered to join Munro. Colonel Baillie's progress had been, from the 25th of August to the 3d of September, impeded by the rise of the river Arblir, which however he crossed on the 3d, in the afternoon, without opposition, and resumed his march to Conjeveram, where he was to join Munro.

Upon the 4th, the following letter was sent to Colonel Baillie, probably by the Nabob's Secretary. It has some hieroglyphic attached :—

SIR,

The great attention which you have on all occasions shown to the interests of his Highness the Nabob, together with the regard which I have at all times expressed towards you, now induce me to write you a letter of congratulation on your having passed the River which impeded your progress, and on your being on the road to join General Sir Hector Munro, whose victorious arm will, with the blessing of God, chastise the unprovoked insolence of Hyder Ali Cawn. The sense which both the Nabob and I have of your services are not unknown to Governor Whiteside and General Munro. It is a pleasure to call one's self the friend of a gallant officer. What can I say more?

Given at Chepauk, 4th September 1780.

Lieutenant-Colonel Baillie.

Colonel Baillie, by the 6th, having got as far as the village of Perampauken, where he encamped, was attacked by Tippoo, at the head of 10,000 horse and 5000 infantry, with 14 pieces of cannon. The engagement lasted six hours, when the enemy had to retire with great loss. In August 1781, when the army under Sir Eyre Coote encamped at this place, great heaps of bones still remained. Col. Baillie had 300 native troops killed, his ammunition was almost exhausted, and on the morning of the 7th he wrote a note to Munro, stating that he had but the shirt on his back, that on review he found a like deficiency in ammunition and provision, in short, he added—"I must plainly tell you, Sir, that you must come to me for I see it impossible for my party to get to Conjeveram." Munro received this letter and instantly despatched Colonel Fletcher to Baillie's assistance, but it was at the time strongly felt that Munro did not act with sufficient promptness afterwards. Lord Macleod left India and resigned command of the 73d, it is said, "from having differed with Munro on the subject of his movements, particularly those preceding Colonel Baillie's disaster."

We now proceed to quote from a faded MS. which is entitled—"An account of the overthrow of Lieut.-Colonel Baillie's detachment by Hyder Ali's army on the 10th Sept. 1780. N.B.—The account was taken on the field of battle on the 28th August 1781, from black officers and several others who were in the action, and the correctness of it was afterwards confirmed in conversations on the subject by several of the surviving officers on their release from captivity." It is in the hand-writing, to the best of our belief, of General Macleod of the respected family of Geanies in Ross :—

"On the evening of the 7th September, Lieut.-Colonel Fletcher with the Grenadiers of the army, was detached to join Lieut.-Colonel Baillie, with some ammunition for his field-pieces, in doolies and on camels. As it was probable that this party should be obliged to take

a round-about way to avoid the enemy, and meet with obstacles that would make it impossible for it to join Baillie before the night of the 8th Sept., the General concerted that Baillie was not to move, at any rate, before the night of the 9th, when he himself with the army was to march towards him from Conjeveram; upon which account, the General had likewise fixed upon the route by which Baillie was to move, as well as his own army; so that, in case of any attempt by the enemy, the army, and Baillie's detachment, should act to the same point. Fletcher had the good fortune of joining Baillie on the morning of the 8th without meeting with any obstruction. Colonel Baillie's force now consisted of the following troops, viz. :—

The Grenadiers and Light Infantry of the 73d.....	125
Two Companies of the Company's Grenadiers .....	160
Two Battalions collected from the northward .....	80
Artillery .....	85
Europeans—rank and file.....	450
Twelve Companies of Grenadier Sepoys.....	800
The Company of Marksmen .....	75
1st Battalion .....	500
Grant's Foot .....	325
Good Sepoys.....	1700

"A great many of the two Circar battalions deserted during the march from the northward; the battalion (Capt. Powell's) behaved remarkably ill in the action of the 6th. On the night between the 9th and 10th Sept., many of the Sepoys threw away their arms and clothing, and crept off. It may be concluded that not above 500 of the two battalions marched in the line on the morning of the 10th.

"It is well known that Colonel Fletcher and the greater number of his party were men of such mettle, as to imagine that they themselves could cut their way through Hyder's army. Nor was Fletcher's bravery and ambition tempered by much experience, or any reverse of fortune. Baillie was not less brave, or ambitious of military glory, but he had much more experience, and he knew the strength and weakness of the enemy's troops, as well as his own, thoroughly; he saw into the grand game that was begun on the theatre of the Carnatic; he was well acquainted with the character of the bold invader, and he had a just sense of the extraordinary turn our politics and manners had taken of late.

"In the present case the whole charge rested upon him. He was sensible of its weight, and how necessary it was for him to be extremely considerate and circumspect. The warm Fletcher rather exulted over this anxiety and seeming diffidence, and his grenadier officers readily gave into his way of thinking. By many reports Fletcher often repeated his wish of meeting with Hyder's whole force in broad day, and he looked on marching under the cover of night as a measure rather disgraceful.\*"

\* The following memorandum is folded up within the manuscript :—"Lieut.-Col. Baillie ranked in the army next above Lieut. Col. Fletcher, both men esteemed as officers of the first merit, none could exceed either in ambition for military fame; their minds—though they were always upon a footing of intimate friendship—were evidently tinged with no small degree of jealousy of each other. The patronage of the Commander-in-chief was particularly engaged to Baillie, who, as soon as the war appeared inevitable, requested to have the command of the Grenadiers of the army, as he had at the

"The detachment marched from Perampaukin at seven at night on the 9th Sept., Fletcher's party in front, followed by Capt. Grant's companies, Powell's battalion, the two European battalion companies, Nixon's battalion, and Lucas' battalion in the rear. The whole marched by subdivisions. The doolies and baggage guarded by two companies from each battalion marched on the left flank.

"The detachment had not proceeded above two miles, when the enemy began to annoy it with rockets and musketry. A mile further the enemy were discovered in force in the rear, and opened some guns there, which raked our line. Upon this Colonel Baillie made some change in his disposition, and discovering the situation of the enemy in the rear, fired a few rounds among them from two field-pieces, which dispersing them, he resumed his march. Soon after they again opened their guns upon his left at no great distance, and he ordered a corps of Grenadier Sepoys to move out to take them. But they were interrupted by a deep water-course. Their guns were, however, soon silenced by the fire of ours. At the same time the fire of small arms and rockets on all sides was incessant, and the baggage people and followers became very troublesome, many of them being wounded. Some of the Sepoy corps became uneasy, many deserted, and it was found difficult to maintain strict order and regularity on the march. 'Tis said that Colonel Fletcher and some of his gentlemen now again spoke to Baillie to halt until daylight, to which he agreed. It was about eleven at night when he halted at a top about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Perampaukin, and 3 from Polelore.

"There are causes to believe that Baillie here, and General Munro at Conjeveram, were both deceived and betrayed, much about the same time by their hircarrahs. A Sepoy of the guides and a Brahmin hircarra, that were with Colonel Baillie upon this occasion, attended me on the 28th August 1781 over the melancholy field of slaughter, the Sepoy, giving an account of the fatal affair, told me, that immediately as the detachment halted, Colonel Baillie despatched his head hircarra, with the strongest injunctions, and promises of great reward, for bringing certain intelligence to him, with all possible expedition, whether or not Hyder's army was near him, or moving towards him; and that the hircarra returned between two and three in the morning, and most confidently assured the Colonel that Hyder with his army still lay near Conjeveram to oppose the General's army, that he had sent more horse to assist Tippoo Saib, but that no considerable force or artillery was arrived or expected. The Brahmin hircarra checked the Sepoy while he was informing me of this circumstance, but the latter firmly insisted that it was true, adding, that

late siege of Pondicherry. The General assured him that he would have that command. Colonel Fletcher returned from Europe a short time before the army took the field, was extremely desirous to have the command of the Grenadiers; but as the General would on no account withdraw his promise to Baillie, Fletcher requested to command the Grenadiers until Baillie joined the army. This was granted, and his frank, popular, and convivial manners were particularly ingratiating with the corps. A just consideration of the above circumstances evinces the great imprudence of sending Fletcher with the Grenadiers to reinforce Baillie. This was the Commander-in-chief's (Munro) first error, which, like all his errors, arose from an indistinctness of judgment, and a facility to be misled by designing men. Of that mischievous class, too many edged themselves into his councils, and the rest of his advisers, weak men, were total novices in Indian intrigue and warfare."



if Colonel Baillie had not been betrayed by his hirecarrah, he would have gone to the little fort of Tuckollim, then possessed by our people, and not above a mile from his right; and most evident it is, that Baillie would have done this in the night without any loss.

"Between four and five in the morning Colonel Baillie put the detachment again in motion. His order of march now was, Rumley's Sepoy Grenadiers, First Battalion, Powel's Battalion, all the Europeans, Nixon's Battalion, Grant's Foot, and Gowdie's Grenadier Sepoys,—the doolies and baggage covered by companies from the different corps marched upon his right flank.

"At daylight, being in the avenue running west on the great road to Arcot (Conjeveram being nearly south), the head of the detachment turned to the left into the plain between it and the small village of Polelore. This was the field on which the enemy had planned their inevitable destruction, and as soon as the front appeared turning out of the avenue, the enemy began to play most furiously upon it, from the tops on the left, and divers stations all along in front, from so many guns, that our people say, they could not guess at their number. Many fell before they had proceeded 300 yards over the plain. The ground was somewhat hollow here. Baillie halted and immediately sent out Captain Rumley with six companies of Sepoy Grenadiers to take five guns stationed behind a water-course. About 400 yards on the left of the detachment, he likewise sent the company of Marksmen as a reinforcement after the Grenadiers. Rumley took these guns, but by some fatality, they were neither used against the enemy nor spiked. The enemy immediately turned several pieces of cannon upon this party, and large bodies of horse advanced furiously. The Colonel made the First Battalion move out a little, but the Grenadiers flew back broken and confused. About the time that Baillie had arranged the Grenadiers, a cannon ball grazed one of his legs, and not long thereafter two of his tumbrels were blown up by the enemy's shot, the detachment, notwithstanding, maintained its steadiness, and repeatedly beat back the horse that attempted to cut in among them. The enemy's cannon were so heavy and numerous that even had we ammunition our small field-pieces could do very little against them. Some people think it unaccountable that the detachment stood the unremitting destruction by the enemy's artillery, for at least an hour and a-half, without making any attempt to extricate themselves. But what could be done? All ranks of the shattered party were now most sensible of their very critical situation. The commanding officer saw that the black troops particularly were quite disheartened. The enemy's guns were judiciously placed in divers stations behind trenches, and great bodies of their best horse drawn up on both flanks in readiness to charge. Hyder overlooked the whole scene; this was his first essay in the war. From what had already happened, as well as what finally, in a moment decided the affair, it is evident, that any movement they could possibly attempt, would but accelerate their ruin. In short, it appears plain that no measure could be devised or attempted to overcome such superior force. The least disorder when on the move, would probably determine the affair in a moment; besides, they were fixed by the assured arrival—by the certain assistance—of their

friends. Had not they every reason to hope that their General, with the army was by this time at hand, to relieve them? What would be said of Colonel Baillie had he, in a desperate attempt, lost his detachment at 7 or 8 o'clock,—in case General Munro with the army had arrived at Polelore at 10 o'clock. But to return to these brave men, Colonel Fletcher near the rear of the detachment, having something in view which is not, known, called aloud, "Come this way, Grenadiers."\*

"Instantly the Sepoys, and, in short, the whole detachment broke and flew back in the utmost disorder and confusion. The horse cut in among them as quick as thought, but Colonel Baillie rallied a body of the intrepid Europeans upon a small spot of ground that rose a little above the plain, at the distance of 300 yards from the ground on which they broke. This handful faced every way, and drove off the horse. Colonel Fletcher and many others were cut down upon this occasion, and but a few of even the European officers now appeared. There was not one black man to face the enemy. Such as fled beyond the spot on which the Europeans rallied were all put to the sword, as appeared by their bones, which covered the plain for about three-quarters of a mile, when we went over it in August last.

"All hopes of succour and relief being now exhausted, Colonel Baillie made a signal for surrendering, and a party of horse advanced, upon whom some of the Europeans fired, having no other idea than to sell their lives as dear as possible.

"As the men's ammunition was now mostly expended, the horse rushed frequently on their bayonets. In one of these attempts, two horsemen seized upon Colonel Baillie, but his life was saved by his Brigade-Major, Mr Fraser, declaring to them who he was, and beseeching them not to kill him. This was instantly reported to Hyder, and he immediately ordered the slaughter to cease.

"By all accounts, it was half-an-hour past 9 o'clock before this melancholy and most unfortunate affair was finally concluded, before the slaughter ceased and the few remaining brave men threw away their useless arms. Much about the same time the advanced guard of our army was within three miles of Polelore—that is, about four miles from their distressed friends; but alas! here they turned their backs upon this most hardy and resolute band, who, to the last moment, looked for their assistance.

"The ground on which the Europeans made the last desperate stand rises a little above the plain. Their bones remained upon it, with a great quantity of their braided hair; and all round and close by this spot, lay the bones of many horses, which they had killed."

*(To be Continued.)*

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\* The ground on which Colonel Baillie halted the detachment was somewhat a hollow, and he made the men to couch or sit down to avoid, as much as possible, the destruction by the enemy's heavy artillery. In this situation they were very much galled by musketry from the avenue—distant about 180 yards; and it is supposed that when Colonel Fletcher called out, "Grenadiers, come this way," his view was to drive the enemy's infantry from the avenue.

## THE CLEARING OF THE GLENS.

BY PRINCIPAL SHAIRP, ST ANDREWS UNIVERSITY.

—o—

THE following poem attempts to reproduce facts heard, and impressions received, during the wanderings of several successive summers among the scenes which are here described. Whatever view political economists may take of these events, it can hardly be denied that the form of human society, and the phase of human suffering, here attempted to be described, deserve at least some record. If the lesser incidents of the poem are not all literally exact, of the main outlines and leading events of the simple story it may well be said, "It's an ower true tale." The story is supposed to be told by a grandson of the Ewan Cameron, and a nephew of the Angus Cameron of the poem—one who, as a boy, had seen and shared in the removal of the people from his native glen.

## CANTO FIRST.

—o—

## THE CHIEF RESTORED.

## I.

Eighty years have come and gone  
 Since on the dark December night,  
 East and west Glen Dessaray shone  
 With fires illumining holm and height—  
 A sudden and a marvellous sight!  
 Never since dread Culloden days  
 The Bens had seen such beacons blaze;  
 But those were lurid, boding bale  
 And vengeance on the prostrate Gael,  
 These on the tranquil night benign,  
 As with a festal gladness, shine.  
 One from the knoll that shuts the glen  
 Flings down the lech a beard of fire;  
 Up on the braesides, homes of men  
 Answer each other, high and higher,  
 Across the valley with a voice  
 Of light that shouts, rejoice, rejoice.  
 Nor less within the red torch-pine  
 And peat-fires piled on hearth combine  
 To brighten rafters glossy-clear  
 With lustre strange for many a year.  
 And blithe sounds since the Forty-five  
 Unheard within these homes revive,  
 Now with the pibroch, now with song,  
 Driving the night in joy along.  
 What means it all? how can it be  
 Such sights and sounds of revelry

From a secluded silent race  
 Break on the solitary place?  
 That music sounds, these beacons burn  
 In honour of the Chief's return.

## II.

Long had our people sat in gloom  
 Within their own Glen Dessaray,  
 O'er-shadowed by the cloud of doom  
 That gathered on that doleful day,  
 When ruin from Culloden moor  
 The hills of Albyn darkened o'er,  
 From east to west, from shore to shore.  
 No loyal home in glen or strath  
 But felt the red-coats' vengeful wrath;  
 Yet most on these our glens it fell,  
 They that had loved the Prince so well;  
 To Moidart when he friendless came,  
 Had hailed him first with welcome brave,  
 When bloodhound bayed, and beacon flame  
 For him was blazing, shelter gave.

## III.

No home in all this glen but mourned  
 Some loved one laid in battle low;  
 Who from the headlong rout returned  
     Were kept for heavier woe.  
 From their own hills with helpless gaze  
 To watch their flocks by spoilers driven,  
 Their roofs with ruthless fires ablaze,  
 Reddening the dark night heaven.  
 Some on the mountains hunted down  
 With their blood stained the heather brown,  
 And many more were driven forth  
 Lorn exiles from their native earth;  
 While he, the gentle and the brave,  
 Lochiel, who led them, doomed to bide  
 A life-long exile, found a grave  
 Far from his own Loch Arkaig side.  
 And when at last war guns were hushed,  
 And back to wasted farms they fared,  
 With bitter memories, spirits crushed,  
 The remnant, sword and famine spared,  
 Saw the old order banished, saw  
 The old clan-ties asunder torn,  
 For their chief's care a factor's scorn,  
 And iron rule of Saxon law,  
 One rent to him, constrained to bring  
 'The German lairdie,' called a king;

They o'er the sea in secret sent  
To their own Chief another rent  
In his far place of banishment.

## IV.

When forty years had come and gone,  
At length on lone Glen Dessaray shone  
A day like sudden spring new-born  
From the womb of winter dark and lorn,  
The day for which all hearts had yearned,  
With tidings of their Chief returned.  
Yea, spring-like on that wintry time,  
The tidings came from southron clime,  
That he their leal long-exiled lord  
Ere long would meet their hearts' desires,  
Their chieftain to his own restored  
Another home would re-instate  
Beside the place long desolate—  
The ruined home where dwelt his sires :  
Not he who led the fatal war,  
No ! nor his son—they sleep afar,  
But sprung from the old heroic tree  
An offshoot in the third degree.

## V.

It wakened mountain, loch, and glen,  
That cry—'Lochiel comes back again ;'  
Loch Leven and Loch Linnhe's shore  
Shout to the head of Nevis Ben,  
The crags and corries of Mamore  
Rang to that word, "He comes again."  
High up along Lochaber Braes  
Fleeter than fiery cross it sped,  
The Great Glen heard with glad amaze  
And rolled it on to Loch Askaig-head.  
From loch to hill the tidings spread,  
It smote with joy each dwelling place  
Of Camerons—clachan, farm, and shiel,  
And the long glens that interlace  
The mountains piled benorth Lochiel.  
Glen Malie, Glen Camagorie,  
Resounded to the joyful cry,  
Westward with the sunset fleeing,  
It roused the homes of green Glen Pean ;  
Glen Kinzie tossed it on—unburn'd  
It swept o'er rugged Mam-Clach-Arl,  
Start at these sounds the rugged bounds  
Of Arisaig, Moidart, Morar, and Knoydart,  
Down to the ocean's misty bourn  
By dark Loch Nevish and Lochourn.

## VI.

Many a heart that news made glad,  
 Hearts that for years scant gladness had,  
 But him it gladdened more than all,  
 The Patriarch of Glen Dessaray,  
 Dwelling where sunny Sheneval  
 From the green braeside fronts noon-day,  
 My grandsire, Ewan Cameron, then  
 Numbering three score years and ten.  
 Of all our clansmen still alive,  
 None in the gallant Forty-five  
 Had borne a larger, nobler part,  
 Had seen or suffered more ;  
 Thenceforward on no living heart  
 Was graven richer store  
 Of mournful memories and sublime  
 Gleaned from that wild adventurous time.

## VII.

For when the Prince's summons called,  
 Answered to that brave appeal  
 No nobler heart than Archibald,  
 Brother worthy of Lochiel.  
 Him following fain, my grandsire flew  
 To the gathering by Loch Shiel,  
 Thence a foster-brother true  
 Followed him through woe and weal.  
 Nothing could these two divide,  
 Marching forward side by side,  
 Two friends, each of the other sure,—  
 Through Prestonpans and Falkirk Muir.  
 But when on dark Culloden day  
 A wounded man Gillespie lay,  
 My grandsire bore him to the shore  
 And helped him over seas away.  
 Seven years went by ; less fiercely burned  
 The conqueror's vengeance 'gainst the Gael—  
 Gillespie Cameron fain returned  
 To see his native vale.  
 Waylaid and captured on his road  
 By the basest souls alive,  
 His blood upon the scaffold flowed,  
 Last victim of the Forty-five.  
 Thenceforth wrapt in speechless gloom  
 Ewan mourned that lovely head ;  
 His heart become a living tomb  
 Haunted by memory of the dead.  
 Never more from his lips fell  
 Name of him he loved so well,



But the less he spake, the more his heart  
'Mid these sad memories dwelt apart.

## VIII.

But when on lone Glen Dessaray broke  
The first flash of that joyous cry,  
From his long dream old Ewan woke—

I wot his heart leapt high.

No news like that had fallen on him,  
Within his cabin smoky dim  
For forty summers long and more.  
Straightway beyond his cottage door  
He sprang and gazed, the white hair o'er  
His shoulders streaming, and the last  
Wild sunset gleam on his worn cheek cast ;  
He looked and saw his Marion turn  
Home from the well beside the burn,  
And cried, ' Good tidings ! Thou and I  
Will see our Chief before we die.'

That night they talked, how many a year  
Had gone, since the last Lochiel was here,  
How gentle hearts and brave had been  
The old Lochiels their youth had seen ;  
And aye as they spake, more hotly burned  
The fire within them—back returned  
Old days seemed ready to revive  
That perished in the Forty-five.  
That night ere Ewan laid his head  
On pillow, to his wife he said :  
" Yule-time is near, for many a year  
Mirth-making through the glens hath ceased,  
But the clan once more, as in days of yore,  
This Yule shall hold with game and feast."

## IX.

Next morning, long ere screech o' day,  
Old Ewan roused hath ta'en the brae  
With gun on shoulder, and the boy,  
Companion of his toils and joy,  
The dark-haired Angus by his side—  
O'er the black braes o' Glen Kinzie, on  
Among the mists with slinging stride  
They fare, nor stayed till they had won  
Corrie-na-Gaul, the cauldron deep  
Which the Lochiels were used to keep  
A sanctuary where the deer might hide,  
And undisturbed all year abide.  
Not a cranny, rock, or stone  
In that corrie but was known

To my grandsire's weird grey eye ;  
 All the lairs where large stags lie  
 Well he knew, but passed them by,  
 For stags were lean ere yule-time grown.  
 Crawling on, he saw appear  
 O'er withered fern one twinkling ear—  
 His gun is up—the crags resound—  
 Startled, a hundred antlers bound  
 Up the passes fast away ;  
 Lifeless stretched along the ground,  
 Large and sleek, one old hind lay.  
 Straight they laid her on their backs,  
 And o'er the hills between them bore,  
 Up and down by rugged tracks,  
 Sore-wearied, ere beside their door  
 They laid her down—' A bonny beast  
 To crown our coming yule-time feast '—  
 As night came down on scour and glen,  
 From rough Scour-hoshi-brachealen.

## X.

That night they slept the slumber sound  
 That waits on labour long and sore ;  
 Next day he sent the message round  
     The glen from door to door,  
 On to the neighbouring glens—Glen Pean  
 The summons hears, and all that be in  
 Glen Kinzie's bounds—Loch Arkaig, stirred  
 From shore to shore the call has heard ;  
 To Clunes it passed, from toun to toun,  
 That all the people make them boun  
 Against the coming New-Year's-Day,  
 To gather for a shinty fray  
 Within the long Glen Dessaray,  
 And meet at night round Ewan's board,  
 In honour of Lochiel restored.

## XI.

Blue, frosty, bright, the morning rose  
 That New Year's day above the snows,  
 Veiling the range of Scour and Ben,  
 That either side wall in the glen.  
 But down on the Strath the night frost keen  
 Had only crisped the long grass green,  
 When the men of Loch Arkaig, boat and oar  
 At Kinloch leaving, sprang to shore.  
 Crisp was the sward beneath their tread  
 As they westward marched, and at their head

The Piper of Achmacarry blew  
 The thrilling pibroch of Donald Dhu.  
 That challenge the Piper of the Glen  
 As proudly sounded back again  
 From his biggest pipe, till far off rang  
 The tingling crags to the wild war-clang  
 Of the pibroch that loud to battle blown  
 The Cameron clan had for ages known.  
 To-day, as other, yet the same,  
 It summons to the peaceful game,  
 From the braeside homes down trooping come  
 The champions of Glen Dessaray, some  
 In tartan philabegs arrayed—  
 The garb which tyrant laws forbade,  
 But still they clung to, unafraid ;  
 Some in home-woven tartan trews,  
 Rough spun, and dyed with various hues,  
 By mother's hands or maiden's wrought,  
 In hues by native fancy taught ;  
 But all with hazel camags\* slung  
 Their shoulders o'er, men old and young,  
 With mountaineer's long slinging pace,  
 Move cheerily down to the trysting-place.

## XII.

It was a level space of ground—  
 Two miles and more from west to east,  
 Where from rough Màm-Clach-Ard released  
 In loopt† on loop the river wound,  
 Through many a slow and lazy round,  
 Ere plunging downward to the lake.  
 On that long flat of green they take  
 Their stations ; on the west the men  
 Of Dessaray, Kinzie, Pean Glen,  
 Ranged 'gainst the stalwart lads who bide  
 Down long Loch Arkaig, either side.  
 The ground was tae'n, and the clock struck ten,  
 As Ewan, patriarch of the glen,  
 Struck off, and sent the foremost ball  
 Down the Strath flying, with a cry :  
 ' Fye, lads, set on,' and one and all  
 To work they fell right heartily.

## XIII.

Now fast and furious on they drive,—  
 Here youngsters scud with feet of wind,

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\* The Gaelic for a club.

† The English word "loop" is used as, perhaps, the best to represent the far more expressive Gaelic word *luib*, which is applied to windings or bends of rivers.

There in a melee dunch and strive ;  
 The veterans outlook keep behind.  
 Now up, now down, the ball they toss ;  
 Now this, now that side of the Strath ;  
 And many a leaper, brave to cross  
 The river, finds a chilling bath ;  
 And many a fearless driver bold,  
 To win renown, was sudden rolled

Headlong in hid quagmire ;  
 And many a stroke of stinging pain  
 In the close press was given and ta'en  
 Without or guile or ire.

So all the day the clansmen played,  
 And to and fro their tulzie swayed,  
 Untired, along the hollow vale,  
 And neither side could win the hail ;  
 But high the clamour, upward flung,  
 Along the precipices rung,  
 And smote the snowy peaks, and went  
 Far up the azure firmament.

All day, too, watching from the knowes,  
 Stood maidens fair, with snooded brows,

And bonny blithe wee bairns ;  
 Those watching whom I need na' say,  
 These eyeing now their daddies play,  
 Now jinking round the cairns.

#### XIV.

The loud game fell with sunset still,  
 And echo died on strath and hill,  
 As gloamin' deepened, each side the glen,  
 High above the homes of men,  
 Blinks of kindling fires were seen,  
 Such as shine out upon Hallowe'en ;  
 Single fires on rocky shelf,

Each several farm-house for itself  
 Has lighted—there in wavering line  
 Either side the vale they shine  
 From dusk to dawn, to blaze and burn  
 In welcome of their Chief's return.

But broader, brighter than the rest,

Down beside Loch-Arkaig-head,  
 From a knoll's commanding crest

One great beacon flaring red,  
 As with a wedge of splendour clove  
 The blackness of the vault above.

And far down the quivering waters flung  
 Forward its steady pillar of light,

To tell, more clear than trumpet tongue,  
 Glen Dessaray hails her Chief to-night.

## XV.

The while the bonfires blazed without,  
With logs and peats by keen hands fed—  
Children and men—a merry rout ;

In every home the board was spread.  
On ev'ry hearth the fires burned clear,  
And round and round abundant cheer  
Passed freely for the men who came  
From distant glens to join the game.  
Freely that feast flowed—most of all  
In the old home at Sheneval ;  
There Ewan Cameron, seated high,  
Welcomed a various company.

Flower of the glens—old men, his peers,  
White with the snows of seventy years ;  
And clansmen, strong in middle age,  
And sprightly youths in life's first stage—  
Down to his own bright dark-haired boy,  
Who, seated in a chimney nook,  
To his inmost bosom took  
The impress of that night of joy.

## XVI.

He feasted them with the venison fine  
Himself had brought from Corri-na-Gaul,  
And sent around the ruddy wine,

High spiced, in antique bowl—  
Rare wine, which to the Western Isles

Ships of France in secret bore,  
Thence through Skye and o'er the Kyles,  
Brought to the mainland shore.

Far back that night their converse ran  
To the old glories of the clan ;

The battles, where in mortal feud  
Clan Cameron 'gainst Clan Chattan stood ;

And great Sir Ewan, huge of frame,  
'Mid loyal hearts the foremost name,

How, yet a boy, he gave his heart  
To the King's cause and great Montrose ;

How hand to hand, in tangled den  
He closed with Cromwell's staunchest men,

And conqueror from the death-grips rose ;  
How the war-summons of Dundee

In hoary age he sprang to meet—  
Dashed with his clan in headlong charge

Down Killiecrankie's cloven gorge  
To victory deadlier than defeat.

At these old histories inly burned  
The heart of Ewan—back returned

The vigour of long-vanished years,  
 A youth he stood 'mid hoary peers.  
 Even as in autumn you have seen  
 Some ancient pine alone look green  
 'Mid all the wasted wood's decay ;  
 Some pine, that having summer long  
 Repaired its verdure, fresh and strong  
 Waits the bleak winter day.

## XVII.

As Ewan's spirit caught the glow  
 Cast from the heights of long ago,  
 His own old memories became  
 Within his heart a living flame ;  
 And, bursting the reserve that long  
 Had kept them down, broke forth in song :

## 1.

"What an August morn that was !  
 Think na' ye our hearts were fain,  
 Branking down the Cuernan Pass,  
 As we eyed the trysting-plain ;

## 2.

"Where Glenfinnan opens, where  
 Spread the blue waves of Loch Shiel—  
 Lealest hearts alone were there,  
 Keppoch, Moidart, brave Lochiel ;

## 3.

"There was young Clauranald true—  
 Crowding all round Scotland's Heir—  
 Him, the Lad with bonnet blue  
 Over his long yellow hair.

## 4.

"Kingly look that morn he wore  
 In our Highland garb arrayed,  
 By his side the broad claymore,  
 O'er his brow the white cockade,

## 5.

"Well I ween, he looked with pride  
 On that gathering by Loch Shiel,  
 As the veteran, old and tried,  
 Tullibardine, true as steel.

## 6.

"On the winds with dauntless hand  
 Broad the crimson flag unfurled,  
 Pledge that we to death would stand  
 For the Stuarts 'gainst the world.



7.

"Jeanie Cameron there apart,  
Where our people crowned the brae,  
Gazed with proud exulting heart  
On the sight of that brave day.

8.

"Loud the shouting shakes the earth,  
Far away the mountains boom,  
As the Chiefs and Clansmen forth  
March to victory and to doom."

The while he sang, in fervent dream  
The old man's eye beheld the gleam  
Of yet another Forty-five  
Along those western shores revive,  
And Moidart mountains re-illumine  
The glory, but no more the gloom.

(To be Continued.)

**THE CLAN ROTHACH, OR MUNROS.**—We are glad to notice various indications that Inverness is progressing in the direction of taking its proper place in the publishing world. Mr Mackenzie has issued some valuable works within the last few years, and we are glad now to find that Mr John Noble has in the press the *History of the Munros, and ancient family of Foulis, from 1031 to the present time*, with notices of the junior branches of the Clan. The author of this work is Major-General Stewart-Allan, F.S.A., Scot., who wrote the *New Statistical Account of the Parishes of Edderton and Kincardine, in Ross-shire*. He is a grandson of the well-known author of the *Gaelic Grammar*, recently re-published by MacLachlan & Stewart, and nephew of the late Mr Stewart of Cromarty, Hugh Miller's intimate and valued friend. The Munros are a very ancient family. We have several accounts of their origin, but it has been maintained that they came originally from Ireland, in accordance with the foolish and unpatriotic craze of almost all our Highland families for claiming a foreign origin. We prefer the account which traces them from the Siol O'Cain, and which Skene says has been converted into O'Cathan, thus forming Clan Chattan. Sir George Mackenzie says the name of the Clan was originally Bunros. The eighth baron married a grand-niece of King Robert II. of Scotland. In the charters by which the Munros hold their lands, they are declared to hold them by the peculiar tenure of furnishing the King with a ball of snow off Ben Wyvis in mid-summer, if called upon to do so; and when the Duke of Cumberland was in the North in 1746, the Munros actually supplied him with snow to cool his wines. The Clan produced some very distinguished military officers, especially the "Black Baron," who so distinguished himself in the wars of Gustavus Adolphus. In this service there were at one time not less than three Generals, eight Colonels, five Lieutenant-Colonels, eleven Majors, and about thirty Captains, all of the name of Munro, besides a great number of Subalterns. These officers, in addition to the use of rich buttons, were allowed by Adolphus the peculiar and distinguished privilege of wearing a gold chain round their necks, to secure the wearer, in case of being wounded or taken prisoner, good treatment, or payment of future ransom. Indeed the history of the Munros is of such a nature that not only will it prove interesting to members of the Clan, but to the general reader who takes any interest in questions of family history connected with the Highlands.

## THE PROPHECIES OF THE BRAHAN SEER, COINNEACH ODHAR FIOSAICHE.

By THE EDITOR.

THE gift of prophecy, second-sight, or *Taibhsearachd*, claimed for and believed by many to have been possessed, in an eminent degree, by *Coinneach Odhar*, the Brahan Seer, is one, the belief in which scientific men and others of the present day accept as unmistakable signs of looming, if not of actual, insanity. We are all, or would be considered, scientific in these days, and, therefore, it will scarcely appear prudent for any one who would wish to lay claim to the slightest modicum of common sense, to say nothing of an acquaintance with the elementary principles of science, to commit to paper his ideas on the subject, unless he is prepared, in doing so, to follow the common horde in their all but universal scepticism.

Without committing ourselves to any specific faith on the subject, however difficult it may be to explain away what follows on strictly scientific grounds, we shall place before the reader the extraordinary predictions of the Brahan Seer. We have had slight experiences of our own, which we would hesitate to dignify by the name of 'second-sight,' but would rather leave the reader to explain them away, and to designate them by whatever name he pleases, after he has carefully examined and considered them. It is not, however, with our own experiences that we have at present to do, but with the "Prophecies" of *Coinneach Odhar Fiosaiche*. He is beyond comparison the most distinguished of all our Highland Seers, and his prophecies have been known throughout the whole country for more than two centuries. The popular faith in them has been, and still continues to be, strong and wide-spread. Even Sir Walter Scott, Sir Humphrey Davy, Mr Morrit, Lockhart, and many other eminent contemporaries of the "Last of the Seaforth's" firmly believed in the predictions. Many of them were known, and were recited from one generation to another, centuries before they were fulfilled. Some of them have been fulfilled in our own day, and many are still unfulfilled.

Not so much with the view of protecting ourselves from the charge of a belief in such superstitious folly (for we would hesitate to acknowledge any such belief), but as a kind of slight palliation for obtruding such nonsense on the public, we might point out, by the way, that the sacred writers, who are now considered by many of the would-be considered wise to have been behind the age, and not near so wise and far-seeing as we are, believed in second-sight, witchcraft, and other visions of a supernatural kind. But then we shall be told by our scientific friends that the Bible itself is becoming obsolete, and that it has already served its turn; being only suited for an unenlightened age in which such men as Shakspeare, Milton, Newton, Bacon, and such unscien-

tific men could be considered distinguished. The truth is that on more important topics than the one we are now considering, the Bible is laid aside by many of our would-be-scientific lights, whenever it treats of anything beyond the puny comprehension of the minds and intellectual vision of these *enquirers after truth*. We have all grown so scientific that the mere idea of supposing anything possible, which is beyond the intellectual grasp of the scientific enquirer, cannot be entertained, although even he must admit, that in many cases, the greatest men in science, and the mightiest intellects, find it impossible to understand or explain away many things as to the existence of which they can have no possible doubt. We even find the clergy slightly inconsistent in questions of this kind. They solemnly desire to impress us with the fact that ministering spirits hover about the couches and the apartments in which the dying Christian is drawing near the close of his existence, and preparing to throw off his mortal coil; but were we to suggest the possibility of any human being, in any way, feeling the presence of these ghostly visitors, or discovering any signs, or indications, of the early departure of a relative or of an intimate friend, our heathen ideas and devious wanderings, from the safe channel of clerical orthodoxy and consistent inconsistency, would be howled against, and paraded before the faithful as the grossest superstition, with an enthusiasm and relish possible only in a strait-laced ecclesiastic.

Many able men have written on the second sight, and to some of them we shall probably refer as we proceed, but meanwhile our purpose is to place before the reader the Prophecies of *Coinneach Odhar* as far as we have been able to procure them, with the aid of those who have so kindly assisted us in their collection. Among others, we are specially indebted to Mr. Donald Macintyre, teacher, Arpafellie, and Mr. A. B. Maclellannan, police constable, Croy. We understand that a considerable collection of the Seer's predictions has been made by the late Alexander Cameron of Lochmaddy, author of the "History and Traditions of the Isle of Skye," but we were unable to discover into whose possession the manuscript found its way; we hope, however, that this reference may bring it to light, and that the possessor will favour us with its perusal, that we may give as good an account of the Ross-shire Prophet as it is possible to give at this time of day.

The Seer was a dependant of the great Seaforths, and lived on the Brahan estate, in the neighbourhood of Loch Ussie. He was born in the early part of the seventeenth century, a few years before the Commonwealth. He was distinguished far and wide for his prophetic powers, and was also very shrewd and clear-headed, considering his menial position. Kenneth was always ready with a smart answer, and if any attempted to raise the laugh at his expense, seldom or ever did he fail to turn it against his tormentors. His position in society was only that of a common farm servant. His mistress, the farmer's wife, was unusually exacting with him, and he, in return, continually teased and expended, on many occasions, much of his natural wit upon her, much to her annoyance and chagrin. Latterly his conduct became so unbearable that she decided upon getting him disposed of in a manner which would save

her any future annoyance. On one occasion, his master having sent him away to cut peats, which in those days was, as it is now in more remote districts, the common article of fuel, even in such comparatively civilised regions, it was necessary to send him his dinner, he being too far from the house to come home to his meals, and the farmer's wife so far carried out her intention of destroying Kenneth, by putting poison in his dinner. It was somewhat late in arriving, and the future prophet feeling exhausted from his honest exertions in his master's interest and want of food, laid himself down on the heath and fell into a heavy slumber. In this position he was suddenly awakened by feeling something very cold in his breast, which on examination he found to be a small white stone, with a hole through the centre. He looked through, when a vision appeared to him which disclosed the treachery and diabolical intention of his mistress. To test the truth of this vision, he gave the dinner intended for himself to his faithful collie; the poor brute writhed, and soon after died in the greatest agony.

We have received the following version from Mr Macintyre:—Although the various accounts as to the manner in which *Coinneach Odhar* became gifted with second-sight differ in some respects, yet they all agree in this, that it was acquired while he was engaged in the humble occupation of cutting peats or divots, which were in his day generally, and still are in many places, used as fuel throughout the Highlands of Scotland. On the occasion referred to, being somewhat tired, he laid himself down, resting his head upon a little knoll, and waited the arrival of his wife with his dinner, whereupon he fell fast asleep. On awakening, he felt something hard under his head, and, on examining the cause of the uneasiness, discovered a small round stone with a hole through the middle of it. He picked it up, and looking through it, saw by the aid of this prophetic stone that his wife was coming to him with a dinner consisting of sowans and milk, polluted, though unknown to her, in a manner which, as well as several other particulars connected with it, we forbear to mention. But *Coinneach* found that though this stone was the means by which a supernatural power had been conferred upon him, it had, on its very first application, deprived him of the sight of that eye with which he looked through it, and he continued ever afterwards *cām*, or blind of an eye. It would appear from this account that the intended murderer made use of the Seer's own wife to convey the poison to her own husband, thus adding to her diabolical and murderous intention by making her who would feel the loss the keenest, the means by which her husband was to lose his life.

We quote the following from Hugh Miller's "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland":—When serving as a field labourer with a wealthy clansman who resided somewhere near Brahan Castle, he made himself so formidable to the clansman's wife by his shrewd, sarcastic humour, that she resolved on destroying him by poison. With this design, she mixed a preparation of noxious herbs with his food, when he was one day employed in digging turf in a solitary morass, and brought it to him in a pitcher. She found him lying asleep on one of those conical fairy hillocks which abound in some parts of the Highlands, and her

courage failing her, instead of awakening him, she set down the pitcher by his side and returned home. He woke shortly after, and, seeing the food, would have begun his repast, but feeling something press heavily against his heart, he opened his waistcoat and found a beautiful smooth stone, resembling a pearl, but much larger, which had apparently been dropped into his breast while he slept. He gazed at it in admiration, and became conscious as he gazed that a strange faculty of seeing the future as distinctly as the present, and men's real designs and motives as clearly as their actions, was miraculously imparted to him; and it is well for him that he should become so knowing at such a crisis, for the first secret he became acquainted with was that of the treachery practised against him by his mistress.

We have already indicated that many of the prophecies are still unfulfilled, and it may be well to place some of them on record, and so give an opportunity to those who come after us, which they would not otherwise have, to test their belief, or scepticism, in Kenneth's supernatural powers, by comparing what may come to pass in their day with the unfulfilled predictions to be here recorded. He no doubt predicted many things which the unbeliever in his prophetic gifts may ascribe to great natural shrewdness. Among these may be placed his prophecy, 150 years before the Caledonian Canal was built, that ships would some day sail round the back of Tomnahurich Hill. Mr Maclellan gives the following translation of this prediction:—"Strange as it may seem to you this day, the time will come, and it is not far off, when full-rigged ships will be seen sailing eastward and westward by Muirtown and Tomnahurich, near Inverness." Mr Macintyre supplies us with a version in the Seer's vernacular Gaelic:—"Thig an latha's am faicear laraichean Sasunnach air an tarruing le srianan corcaich seachad air cul Tom-na-hiuraich." (The day will come when English mares, with hempen bridles, shall be led round the back of Tomnahurich.) It is quite possible that a man of penetration and great natural shrewdness might, from the appearance of the country, with its chain of great inland lakes, foresee the future Caledonian Canal. Another, which might safely be predicted without the aid of any supernatural gifts, is, "that the day would come when there would be a road through the hills of Ross-shire from sea to sea, and a bridge upon every stream." "That the people would degenerate as their country improved." "That the clans would become so effeminate as to flee from their native country before an army of sheep." Mr Macintyre supplies the following version of the latter:—"Alluding possibly to the depopulation of the Highlands, Coinneach said "that the day will come when the Big Sheep will overrun the country until they strike (meet) the northern sea." Big sheep is commonly understood to mean deer, but whether the words signify sheep or deer, the prophecy has been very strikingly fulfilled. The other two have been only too literally fulfilled.

Mr Macintyre gives another version of them, as follows:—"He predicted "that the day would come when the hills of Ross would be strewed with ribbons." It is generally accepted that this finds its fulfilment in the many good roads that now intersect the various districts of the country. Other versions are given, such as 'a ribbon on every hill, and a bridge on



every stream' ('*Raoban air gach cnòc agus drochaid air gach allan*'); 'a mill on every river and a white house on every hillock' ('*Muillinn air gach abhainn agus tigh geal air gach cnòc*'), and 'that the hills of the country would be crossed with shoulder-halts' ('*criosan gualle*'). It is well known that mills were formerly very common, and among the most useful industrial institutions of the country, as may be evidenced by the fact that, even to this day, the proprietors of lands, where such establishments were once located, pay Crown and Bishop's rents for them. And may we not discover the fulfilment of "a white house on every hillock" in the many elegant shooting lodges, hotels, and school-houses found in every corner of the Highlands.

Other predictions of this class will no doubt occur as we proceed, but we have no hesitation in saying that, however much natural penetration and shrewdness might aid Kenneth in predicting such as the above, it would assist him little in prophesying, "that the day would come when Tomnahurich," or, as he called it, *Tom-na-Sithichean*, or the Fairy Hill, "would be under lock and key, and the Fairies secured within." It would hardly assist him in foreseeing the beautiful and unique cemetery on the top of the hill, and the spirits (of the dead) chained within, as we now see it.

Regarding the evictions which would take place in the Parish of Petty, he said, "The day will come, and it is not far off, when farmsteadings will be so few and far between, that the crow of a cock will not be heard from the one [steading] to the other." This prediction has certainly been fulfilled, for, in the days of the Seer there were no fewer than sixteen tenants on the farm of Morayston alone.

On the south of the bay, at Petty, is an immense stone of at least eight tons weight, which formerly marked the boundary between the estates of Culloiden and Moray. On the 20th of February 1799, it was mysteriously removed from its former position and carried about 260 yards into the sea. It is supposed by some that this was brought about by an earthquake; others think that the stone was carried off by the action of ice, combined with the influence of a tremendous hurricane, which blew from the land, during that fearful and stormy night. It happened the same night on which the frightful catastrophe occurred in the Forest of Gaick, when the "Black Captain" and his four attendants were overwhelmed and suffocated by the storm. It was currently reported, and pretty generally believed at the time, that his Satanic Majesty had a finger in this tragic work. Be that as it may, there is no doubt whatever that the Brahan Seer predicted "that the day will come when the Stone of Petty, large though it is, and high and dry upon the land as it appears to people this day, will be suddenly found as far advanced into the sea as it now lies away from it inland, and no one will see it removed, or be able to account for its sudden and marvellous transportation."

He was at one time in the Culloiden district on some important business. While passing over what is now so well known as the Battle-field of Culloiden, the Seer exclaimed, "Oh! Drummissie, thy bleak moor will, ere many generations pass away, be stained with the best blood of the Highlands. Glad am I that I will not see that day, for it will be a fearful period; heads will be lopped off by the score, and no mercy will



be shown or quarter given on either side." It is perhaps unnecessary to point out how literally this prophecy has been fulfilled on the occasion of the last battle fought on British soil. We have received several other versions of this one from different parts of the country, almost all in identical terms.

"The time will come when whisky or dram shops will be so plentiful that one may be met with at the head of almost every plough furrow."

"*Thig an laitha's an bi tighean-oil cha lionmhór's nach mor nach fhaicear tigh-osa daig ceann gach claise.*" "Policemen will become so numerous in every town that they may be met with at the corner of every street."

"Travelling merchants" [pedlars and hawkers we presume] "will be so plentiful that a person can scarcely walk a mile on the public high-way without meeting one of them."

We take the following from "A Summer in Skye," by the late Alexander Smith, author of "A Life Drama." Describing Dunvegan Castle and its surroundings, he says:—"Dun Kenneth's prophecy has come to pass.—In the days of Norman, son of the third Norman, there will be a noise in the doors of the people, and wailing in the house of the widow; and Macleod will not have so many gentlemen of his name as will row a five-oared boat round the Maidens. If the last trumpet had been sounded at the end of the French war, no one but a Macleod would have risen out of the church-yard of Dunvegan. If you want to see a chief (of the Macleods) now-a-days you must go to London for him." There can be no question as to these having been fulfilled to the letter.

Mr MacLennan supplies us with the following:—There is opposite the shore at Findon, Ferrintosh, two sand banks, which were in the time of the Seer entirely covered over with the sea, even at the very lowest spring ebbs. Regarding these, *Coinneach* said, "that the day will come, however distant, when these banks will form the coast line; and when that happens, know for a certainty that troublesome times are at hand." "These banks," our correspondent continues, "have been visibly approaching for many years back, nearer and nearer to the shore." This is another of the class of predictions which might be attributed to natural shrewdness. It is being gradually fulfilled, and it may be well to watch for the "troublesome times," to test the powers of the Seer. He foretold, "that, however distant it may now appear, the Island of Lewis will be laid waste by a destructive war, which will continue till the contending armies, slaughtering each other as they proceed, reach Tarbart in Harris. In the Caws of Tarbert, the retreating host will suddenly halt; an onslaught, led by a left-handed Macleod, called Donald, son of Donald, son of Donald, will then be made upon the pursuers. The only weapon in this champion's hands will be a black sooty *cabar*, taken off a neighbouring hut; but his intrepidity and courage will so inspire the fugitives that they will fight like mighty men and overpower their pursuers. The Lews will then enjoy a long period of repose." It has not hitherto been even suggested that this prophecy has been fulfilled, and we here stake the reputation of our prophet upon the fulfilment of this, and the following unfulfilled predictions, which are still current throughout the Northern Counties of Scotland.

Another, by which the faith of future generations may be tested,

is the one in which he predicted "that a Loch above Beaully will burst through its banks and destroy in its rush a village in its vicinity." We are not aware that such a calamity as is here foretold has yet occurred, nor are we aware of the locality of the loch or of the village.

We have received various versions of the, as yet, unfulfilled prediction regarding *Clach an t-Seasaidh*, near the Muir of Ord. This is an angular stone, sharp at the top, which at one time stood upright, and was of considerable height. It is now partly broken and lying on the ground. "The day will come when the ravens will, from the top of it, drink their three fulls, for three successive days, of the blood of the Mackenzies."

Mr Maclellan's version is:—"The day will come when the ravens will drink their full of the Mackenzies' blood three times off the top of the *Clach Mhor*, and glad am I (continues the Seer) that I will not live to see that day, for a bloody and destructive battle will be fought on the Muir of Ord. A squint-eyed (*cam*), pox-pitted tailor will originate the battle; for men will become so scarce in those days that each of seven women will strive hard for the squint-eyed tailor's heart and hand, and out of this strife the conflict will originate."

Mr Macintyre writes regarding these:—"The prophecies that 'the raven would drink from the top of *Clach-an-t-seasaidh*, its full of the blood of the Mackenzies for three successive days,' and 'that the Mackenzies would be so reduced in numbers, that they would be all taken in an open fishing-boat (*scuta dubh*) back to Ireland from whence they originally came, remain still unfulfilled." At present, we are happy to say, that there does not appear much probability of the Clan Mackenzie being reduced to such small dimensions as would justify us in expecting the fulfilment of the *scuta dubh* part of the prophecy on a very early date. If the prediction, however, be confined in its application to the Mackenzies of Seatorth, it may be said to have been already almost fulfilled. We have, indeed, been told that this is a fragment of the unfulfilled prophecy uttered by *Coinneach* regarding the ultimate doom and total extinction of the Seaforths, and which we have been as yet unable to procure. It was, however, known to Bernard Burke, who makes the following reference to it:—"He (the Seer) uttered it (the prophecy) in all its horrible length; but I at present suppress the last portion of it, which is as yet unfulfilled." Every other part of the prediction has most literally and most accurately come to pass, but let us earnestly hope that the course of future events may at length give the lie to the avenging curse of the Seer. The last clause of the prophecy is well known to many of those versed in Highland family tradition, and I trust that it may remain unfulfilled. We presume (continues our correspondent) that the mention here of *Clach-an-t-seasaidh* refers to the remains of a Druidical circle to be seen still on the right and left of the turnpike road at Windhill, near Beaully. As a sign whereby to know when the latter prophecy would be accomplished, *Coinneach* said 'that a mountain-ash tree would grow out of the walls of Fairburn Tower, and when it became large enough to form a cart axle, these things would come to pass.' Not long ago, a party informed us that a mountain-ash, or rowan tree, was actually growing out of the tower walls, and was about the thickness of a man's thumb."

Another connected with this locality, and supposed to be fulfilled by the annual visits of the militia for their annual drill, is, "That when a wood on the Muir of Ord grew to a man's height, regiments of soldiers will be there seen drawn up in battle order."

(To be Continued).

### THE COT IN THE DELL.

Howl on ye rude winds from the mountains swift-sweeping ;

Shrill is your voice in its tempest of wrath :

Shriek on ! know my soul in its glory is leaping,

As ye in your majesty circle my path :

I heed not your revels, I reck not your wailing,

I fear not the whispers that float in your swell ;

Blow on in your revelries ! love is prevailing,

My footsteps are winged for the Cot in the Dell.

There in her beauty lone,

Blooms life's endearing one,

There in yon shieling I fondly will woo

All that my heart contains,

All that for ever reigns,

Queen of my bosom, leal-hearted and true.

Rise on ye dark waves ! o'er the breast of the ocean,

Break your white crests on the rocks of Bowmore ;

Roll on in your grandeur ! ye sing of devotion,

And kiss as fond lovers the foam crested shore :

I list to your music of deep-rolling voices,

I eagerly hear the sad tale they aye tell ;

Awe-fettered my heart in their numbers rejoices,

But dearer by far is yon Cot in the Dell :

There in her peerless worth,

Shines my lone star of earth,

There my love's morning eye dawns in her smile ;

All that can mould my joys,

All that bids Hope arise,

Lives in the breast of my Light of the Isle.

What tho' the shrill blasts of the gloaming are roaring !

What tho' the night clouds darkly gather and lour !

What tho' the hoarse throat of the ocean is pouring

Its deep sullen tones on the surf-lighted shore ?

Tho' thunders a thousand in glory were pealing !

Tho' trembled the earth 'neath their terrible spell !

Undaunted, defiant, love's pure, Highland feeling

Would triumph, and seek the Wee Cot in the Dell :

There in her loneliness

Beams all my happiness,

There is life's fountain unsullied with shade ;

Ever enflaming me,

Ever inspiring me,

Ever, love's soul is my own Isle's maid.

WM. ALLAN.

SUNDERLAND,

## THE HIGHLAND CELIDH.

(CONTINUED.)

By ALASTAIR OG.

IMMEDIATELY after the bard had concluded the recitation of his song to *Fear a Gharbha*, the company dispersed to their respective homes, all well pleased with the night's entertainment. The reader will notice that all which has yet appeared of the *Celidh* is only what took place during one evening.

When the house was cleared and the family left to themselves, one of the female members of the household set about preparing the supper, which was, as usual, of the most healthy, though of the most primitive and simple description. It was soon ready, on the table, and the interesting household gathered round it. The family consisted of the old patriarch himself; his three sons, whose ages ranged, as we already stated, from 75 to 68, and one of whom, the eldest, was now stone-blind; the eldest son's wife; his three sons and two daughters, and their young offspring, presenting the very unusual spectacle of four generations supping together, as one family, at the same table, and, as they always did, in loving and affectionate sympathy with one another. Two of the bard's sons who lived in the house were unmarried, and continued to live under the old rafters until their dying day, cared for and attended by the elder brother's wife with a devoted solicitude and tenderness worthy of all praise, and which was not, and could not be, surpassed by her devotion to her own husband. She still, aged and frail, like Ossian, left alone by all her contemporaries, but surrounded by her own family and grandchildren, survives them all, a peculiar and standing example of devoted affection to her husband's talented though humble relatives, and a centre of tender and affectionate regard in the district. Such virtues as these in the higher circles of society would not fail, and deserved, to be recorded by some able and graphic pen. But we delight in having an opportunity of recording an instance of real disinterested and loving solicitude for aged relatives in a rude Highland cottage, and among the humblest class of our Highland peasantry, which would do honour to, and which indeed is seldom met with in, the upper and more favoured ranks.

The simple meal was soon over, and grace said, as it invariably was, before and after all meals. His Gaelic Testament\*—the only one in the district—was handed to the old and venerable bard, who gave out and read a chapter, explaining some of the passages as he went along. He then read a psalm in the metrical version, and with his tremulous, but still

\* This Testament was brought home from Edinburgh by the laird, Sir Hector Mackenzie, Bart., and by him presented to the bard, who made such good use of it that Sir Hector took it back to Edinburgh to be re-bound, some years after. On a more recent occasion, John Mackenzie, of the "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," took it to the same place for a third binding. It is now sorely requiring a fourth, but still in fair preservation, and is at present in the possession of the writer of these pages.

sweet voice, led the song of praise, reading each line,\* that the whole family might join and follow him in the song, the sweet and natural melody of which, on a calm night, could be heard with a pleasing and soul-inspiring effect, throughout the greater portion of the village. These exercises of praise over, the frail old man, with his long snow-white locks and patriarchal beard, rose, by the support of the table and the chair upon which he sat, bent his knees on the earthen floor, leaning on his straw-covered chair—the whole household, young and old, following his example—when he poured forth his spirit in his native and expressive Gaelic vernacular, before his Maker, with an eloquence and earnestness of soul which visibly affected his fellow-worshippers. We are perhaps prejudiced on this point; but we believe that it is impossible, through the medium of any other language, to give expression to such soul-stirring appeals and to produce such an effect on the hearer, as the venerable old man used to do on these occasions. He was quite a stranger to that narrow sectarian spirit now so common amongst us, when almost every section of the Church, indeed almost every member of each section, would have a Heaven all to themselves, if they could find one. He prayed for all, and he would have all possess that open-hearted, genial, catholic, and beneficent belief in the love of his Maker, which afforded him so much comfort and blessedness.

The contrast between the proceedings during the earlier part of the evening and what we have now described as the final scene, may appear somewhat strong and inconsistent to the straight-laced and more formal Christian of the present day, but to us the kind of life led by the bard and his family has a beautiful simplicity and innocence, which we must look for in vain among his successors, who have, by the clergy, been frightened and scolded into giving up their innocent and entertaining recitation of song and story, and who, instead, have been in many cases driven to the public-house and other questionable places of resort.

The following night the members of the Ceilidh circle again met as usual. Matters were soon arranged in the usual order, and the bard welcomed back his friends. Some of them—particularly Norman, who had put in an appearance, and *Fear a Gharbha*—were specially honoured with a hearty shake of the hand from the bard and his sons. The youngsters were called upon to give the solutions of the riddles (see page 332) propounded the previous evening, which Alastair Eachainn gave at once correctly and without hesitation, as follows:—

Answer to No. 1—A cow—her four feet running, her four teats shaking, her two horns looking up to the skies, and her mouth balling. (2) Riding across a bridge, underground, upon a horse which, as a foal, was cut out of his dead mother's side, of whose hide the bridle was made. (3) A man with only one eye saw *two* apples on a tree, he took *one* off, so that he neither left apples on, nor did he take apples off. (4) An egg. (5) A thorn in his foot, which he found in the wood, but did not find in his foot, and so he brought it home with him. If he had found it he would have left it in the wood where he first found it. (6) Abel. All these solutions were well known to the elder members of the circle, but the young-

\* The scarcity of books in those days accounts for the system, which is still continued, throughout the Highlands.

sters were complimented for their ability, and encouraged to persevere and dig deeper into the same mine.

Kenneth Fraser, *Leac-na-Saighid*, was now called upon to give his promised story, or rather series of stories, tracing how the Mackenzies first came to obtain possession of the lands of Gairloch, and how the Macbeaths were first driven out of the country, and afterwards their successors, the Macleods—*Clann 'ic Ille Chathum*—of Raasay. These legends have been so well told in the pure dialect of the district, before it became corrupted by an admixture of English phrases, that, in order to preserve it, we shall give them here word for word as they were recited on the occasion. Certain very expressive words peculiar to the district will be noticed, and it will be remarked that the words *beul*, *neur*, *feuch*, and such like, are pronounced *bial*, *mia*, *fiach*, and so on. Such words as these may easily be altered in prose writings, without any injury to the text, but it is impossible to do so in poetry, the sound being so very different, without altering the harmony and consonance of the piece. This will account for our giving the Gaelic Songs throughout the *Ceilidh* in the dialect of the district in which they were composed, and our answer to any who may consider the orthography faulty and not in accordance with the now almost universally received standards. A literal translation of these legends, which will be found a wonderfully fair and close account of the historical facts to which they refer, will be given with each for the benefit of the English reader. Kenneth proceeded with the story of the Macbeaths, premising that it was related to him by an old man, Roderick Fraser, Inverkerrie, who died some few years before, aged 105 years, as follows:—

#### HOW THE MACBEATHS WERE DRIVEN FROM THEIR STRONGHOLD IN THE ISLAND OF LOCH TOLLY.

“Bha uair-eigin duine tapaidh—Iain Mac Iain Uidhir—a fuireach ann an Carra Chinntaile, agus an uair a chual e gu'n robh a leithid so do dh-fhogaraich dhaoine (Clann 'ic Bheathain) a gabhail comhnuidh ann an Eilean Loch Thollaidh, smuainich e ann fhein, air oidheche na bliadhn' uire, gu'm bu bhoichd an leithid a choigrich mhilltich a bhi anns an aite, a togail cis air an fhearann, nach bunadh dhoibh, agus sliochd dhaoir' uaisle do Chlann Choinnich, ged da bha cuid dhiubh aig an robh fearann, gu'n robh cuid eile dhiubh as aonais.

“Began aimsir an deigh sin, dar a thraogh an sneachda dheth na monaidhnean, thog e 'bhalg saighid air a mhuin. Chuir e fios air Domhnall Mor Mac Mhic Raonail 'ic Rath a Inbhir-Innait, agus choisich iad, mar aon le cheile, a null air Cill-fhaolainn. Choisich iad troimh mhonaidhnean Loch-Carron. Thainig iad a steach air monaidhnean Cheann-loch-iugh (Cha be Ceann-loch-iugh a b-ainm dha aig an am so ach Ceann-loch-ma-right). Thainig iad trath anmoch am fradharc Loch Thollaidh, agus bheachdaich iad air Caisteal Mhic-Bheathain auns an Eilean, agus air aite o'm biodh e furusda dhoibh an cuid saighid a chur air ionnsuidh a chaisteal. Bha cruobh chaorainn ri taobh a chaisteal a bha anns an rathad orra, ach dar a thainig plumanaich na h-oidheche, theann iad a bhan ris a chladach, air a leithid do dhoigh, 's gun d' fhuair na h-o'laich



faisg air brnach an Loch, ach gum biodh iad, ann am briseadh na h-arrunn, (an latha) comhrard ri Mac Bheathain dar a thigeadh e mach.

"An am dha thighinn a mach anns a mhaduinn, thubhairt am fear eile ri fear Inbhir-Innait, "Fiach gu de cho math sa tha da lamh a nise mar a h-eil crith innte an deighe na h-oidhche, Fiach an amaisg thu air siol na miose-moighe, ach an cuir thu as an<sup>a</sup>ait e, air neadh gun dean thu carcois deth chon am beil e, do bhrigh 's nach eil e dligheach dha bhi ann." Thilg fear Inbhir-Innait an t-saighid air tuaim<sup>s</sup>, ach cha d-rinn i ach sgliuncan ri te dheth na seorsachan uinneag a bh'aca anns an t-seorsa chaisteal a bh' ann.

"Dar a chunnaic fear a Charra gur e sud diol a rinneadh air saighid fear Inbhir-Innait shaoil leis nach robh ann an saighid a chompanaich ach monar. Fhuair fear a Charra failinse air fear dheth na seirbhisich aig Mac Bheathain, a toir leis ballan burn gu bruich laos-boc a thug e a creag Thollaidh an oidhche roimhe so, ach broinean! cha 'be e fhein a cheall-aich an laos-boc. Thilg seann Alastair Liath a Charra an t-saighid, 's char i troimh na h-airnean aig fear a bhallain uisge.

"Chuir Mac Bheathain an umhail gun robh gne da rud-eigin air a chul-thaobh, air nach robh fios aige. Smuainich e ann fhein gun fhuirreach ris an laos-boc ithe', gu'm bu cho math dha bhi dol air tir—beo na bas da—fhad sa bhiodh an t-aiseag aige. Thog e na h-uile rian a bh-aige, 's rinn e tir dheth. A mheud 's nach leanadh e dh-fhag e iad; choisich e cho luath sa bha na uilt, ach air cho luath 's dha robh Mac Bheathain char saighid Mhic Dhomnuill Mhoir an sas ann, an tiughe 'na feola, na mhas. Ruith e 's an t-saighid an greim, 'sa lamh chli 'san t-saighid, an dochas, an comhnuidh, gun tugadh e air a h-ais i. Ruith e leis a bhruthaich gu aite ris an canair gus an latha 'n diugh Bura, agus se as aobhar da 'n ainm sin, dar a thug Mac Bheathain an t-saighid as a mhas gun d' thainig buradh fola aiste.

"Dar a chunnaic na Taillich gun da theich an Ceannas an t-seorsa dhidean a bh' aige, choisich iad timchioll ceann Loch Thollaidh, spagach agith mar a bha iad; 's an dearbh aiseag a thug Mac Bheathain air tir thug e Clann 'ic Rath o thir a dh'ionnsuidh 'n eilean, 's chaith iad cuibhrionn dheth an laos-boc a bha gu bhi aig Mac Bheathain gu bhiadh; sheall iad ris an duine dheth an d-rinn iad corpre am dha na chocaire dol gu deasaich-dainn na madainn. Duilichinn no cas cha robh air na Taillich; chuir na h-o-laich neo-sgathach an oidhche seachad anns a chaisteal; cha robh eagal Mhic-Bheathain orra sa, ach bha eagal gu leor air Mac Bheathain, an corr nach d-fhuair e gum faigheadh e.

"Ge da bha ioma-ruagadh coigrich Duithaich Mhic-Aoidh\* air airo nan Tailleach smuainich iad gun d'readh iad a ghabhail beachd ciamar a bha Gearroch na luidhe. Dh-fhalbh iad anns a mhaduinn an latha na mhai-each, an deighe cuaranan a dheanamh da chraicinn an laos boic, le cur iallan ann, mo na chaith iad an cuid fhein air an t-slighe, a tigh'nn a Ceanntaile; thainig iad troimh Ghearroch, 's bheachdaich iad air na h-uile gne mar bu mhiann leo fein a thaobh naduir; choisich iad ceum air

\* 'S ann a duthaich Mhic-Aoidh thainig Clann 'ic Bheathain roimhe so, na'm fogar-sich iad fein.

cheum, mar b-urra dhoibh a dheanamh, gun eagal gun fhiamh corparra. Rainig iad Brathainn ; chuir iad failte air MacCoinnich ; agus thuirt iad gun aiteachas, ma bha tuilleadh mhae aige gu'm faigheadh iadsa tuilleadh talmhainn da. Dh'fhiathaich MacCoinnich a steach iad 's ghabh e 'naigheachd. Dh'innis iad dha mu thir Ghearrloch, 's mu'n doigh a chuinn-aic iad aig MacBheathain, 's mar chuir iad an teicheadh air, agus an uin' a bha iad beo air feol an laos-boic. "Agus a Choinnich," arsa Domh'ull, "bithidh cuimhne agam-sa air latha cas an laos-boic fhad sa bhitheas Domh'ull orm."

(*Ri leantainn.*)

We give the following literal translation for the benefit of the English reader :—

"Once upon a time, there lived a powerful man—Iain Mac Iain Uidhir—in the Carr of Kintail, and when he heard such aliens (The MacBeaths) resided in the Island of Loch Tolly, he thought within himself on New Year's night that it was a pity that such mischievous aliens should be in the place, raising taxes (rents) on the land which did not of right belong to them, while the offspring of gentlemen of the Clan Mackenzie, who, although some of them possessed lands, others were without it.

"Some little time after this, when the snow subsided off the mountains, he lifted his arrow bladder\* on his back ; sent word for Big Donald, Son of the Son of Ranaid Macrae from Inverinate, and they walked as one together across Kilaolsinn. They walked through the mountains of Loch-carron. They came in by the mountains of Kenlochewe (Kenlochewe was not the name at this time, but Loch-ma-righ—*Loch of my King*). They came at a late hour in sight of Loch Tolly, and they took notice of MacBeath's Castle in the Island, and of a place from where it would be easy for them to send their arrows to the Castle. There was a rowan-tree alongside the Castle, which was in their way, but when the darkening of night came they moved down to the shore in such a way that the heroes got near the bank of the Loch, so that they might in the breaking of the sky (break of day) be level (opposite) MacBeath when he came out.

"When he (MacBeath) came out in the morning, the other man said to him of Inverinate, 'Try how good (true) your hand is now, if it is not tremulous after the night ; try if you can hit the seed of the beast(ly) here, or that you make a carcase of him where he is, inasmuch as he has no right to be there.' Inverinate threw his arrow by chance, but it only became flattened against one of the kind of windows in the kind of Castle that was in it.

"When the man from Carr saw what happened to the arrow of the man from Inverinate, he thought that his companion's arrow was only a useless one. The man from Carr got a glimpse of one of the servants of MacBeath carrying with him a stoup of water to boil a goat buck,† which he had taken from Craig Tolly the night before, but, poor fellow ! it was not him who consumed the goat buck. Old Alastair Liath (grey) of Carr, threw the arrow, and it went through the kidneys of him of the water-stoup.

\* Quiver. † Wether goat,

"MacBeath suspected that a kind of something was behind him which he did not know about. He thought within himself not to wait to eat the goat buck, that it would be as well for him to go ashore—life or death to him—as long as he had the chance to cross. He lifted every arrangement he had and he made the shore of it. Those who would not follow him, he left behind him: he walked as fast as was in his joints, but fast as MacBeath was, the arrow of the son of Big Donald fixed in him in the thickness of the flesh, in his buttock. He ran with the arrow fixed and his left hand fixed in the arrow, hoping always that he would pull it out. He ran down the brae to a place which is called Boora to this day; and the reason of that name is, that when MacBeath pulled the arrow out of his buttock, a *Buradh* (a bursting forth) of blood came out of it.

"When the Kintail men saw that the superior of the kind of fortress had flown, they walked round the head of Loch Tolly sprawling, tired as they were; and the very ferry-boat which took MacBeath ashore, took the Macraes to the Island. They used part of the goat buck which MacBeath was to have to his meal. They looked at the man of which they had made a corpse while the cook went to the preparation for the morning (meal). Difficulty nor distress was not (apparent) on the Kintail men. The fearless heroes put past the night in the Castle. They feared not MacBeath, but MacBeath was frightened enough that what he did not get he would soon get.

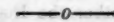
"Although the pursuit of the aliens, from Mackay's country,\* was in the thoughts of the Kintail men; they thought they would go and see how (the lands of) Gairloch lay. They went away in the morning of the next day after making *cuaranan* (untanned shoes) of the skin of the goat buck by putting thongs through it, as they had worn out their own on the way coming from Kintail. They came through Gairloch; they took notice of everything as they desired themselves according to their nature. They walked (afterwards) step by step as they could do without fear or bodily dismay. They reached Brahan; they saluted Mackenzie; they said boldly, if he had more sons that they would find more land for him. Mackenzie invited them in, and took their news. They told him about the land of Gairloch, the way in which they saw MacBeath, and the way in which they made him flee, and the time which they lived on the flesh of the goat buck. "And Kenneth," says Donald (addressing the chief) "I shall remember the day of the foot of the goat buck as long as Donald is (my name) on me."

(To be Continued.)

\* It is said that it was from Mackay's country in Assynt that the MacBeaths came originally.

**NOTE.**—For the arrangements which we have been able to make, so far, for Vol. II., by the kind aid of an extensive band of distinguished contributors, all well known Celtic scholars, see first page of our advertising sheet.

## THE OSSIANIC CONTROVERSY.



## PART THIRD.

Mr Hatley Waddell replies to Mr Maclean's last letter, as follows :—

Without farther troubling your correspondent, Mr Maclean, with whom I have had an exchange of arguments on the authenticity of Ossian, and who seems really to believe in it a great deal more than his own prejudice will allow, I cannot altogether dismiss the subject without adverting to a certain point which has more than once been touched upon by other antagonists as well as Mr Maclean, but which I have not hitherto, in your columns at least, commented on. It is slightly amusing in itself, and would be altogether unaccountable in the way of argument among dispassionate men, if it were not a fact that the mere name of Ossian is enough to inspire all unbelievers in his authenticity with a sort of chronic craze in contradiction, as blind as it is arrogant, and which on any other subject would be absolutely intolerable. What I refer to is the systematic refusal to allow the equal application of any principle of proof on both sides of the controversy. If some given line of argument has been adopted, which seems to be favourable to themselves, it is insisted on with schoolboy pertinacity; but if the same line of argument should prove ultimately favourable to their antagonists, it must never be mentioned more. Nothing, in short, must be said or sung, of which they are not to have the exclusive benefit; and failing all other modes of self-assertion they doggedly decline to move.

In my own case, for example, the exercise of instinct or intuition, on my part and theirs, in the determination of authenticity at large, and of Ossian's in particular, has come repeatedly in question; and the plea on this point has been urged by those on the opposite side with singular innocence, almost unconsciousness, of its bearings against themselves. When these learned controversialists, including authors and erudite professors, undertake to determine, it may be, whether the English or the Gaelic Ossian was the original product of Macpherson's brain, and which, if either, was the primeval forgery by that father of lies, such a process on their part is far from being the result of anything like mere instinct. God forbid! It partakes more, in character, of the highest critical discrimination—with this slight drawback apparently, that no two of the erudite who rejoice in the exercise of such faculty among themselves can agree about its application, or define its limits; and the practical effect of the operation hitherto has been to produce only chaos and contradiction. The turn of a sentence in one case has been held conclusive proof that Macpherson was a liar, whilst the turn of the same sentence in another case has been relied on as clear enough evidence, not of actual dishonesty, perhaps, but of utter incapacity on his part for such work, any one among themselves concerned having been able to do all that was

required infinitely better ; both parties in the meantime being hopelessly remorselessly ignorant of the translator's own sense, and themselves either fixedly averse, or unblushingly incompetent to arrange any two paragraphs of his work in proper sequence.

On the other hand, when the same faculty of critical discrimination to determine in the first place whether the English version is the work of an honest man, is employed by myself, and when I venture to assert that mere moral instinct, or intellectual intuition, in any unprejudiced mind capable of discerning will return a verdict in his favour, I have the honour to be assailed with shouts of hilarious ridicule on the exercise of what they are pleased to call supernatural gifts ; and if I modestly, but earnestly, retort—that the face of the land and the flow of the sea, the configuration of the earth's surface, and the contents of its various strata, the course of rivers, the site of exhausted lakes, the drift of clouds, the position of rocks, the recesses of caverns, the very stumps of trees, the ordnance survey, the compass and theodolite, the position of graves, the discovery of canoes, the disintegrated fragments of calcined human remains in ruined forts, the hammer of the geologist, the microscope of the chemist, the collection of the antiquarian, the traditions of the people, the sense of their local phraseology, the very nomenclature of the ground on which they tread—everything everywhere is in support of my conclusion, a studied silence follows among the erudite, which is symptomatic surely, in some slight degree, of cowardice or conviction ! Or I am told, with sagacious irrelevance, that Hugh Miller and Smith of Jordanhill are of a different opinion from mine about marine formations, &c., &c.—that is, that some distinguished geologist or antiquarian seems to differ from me on a subject which he has never investigated ; therefore I must be wrong, and his testimony is to be accepted implicitly in preference to the witness-bearing of earth and sea ! It may be useless to point out to such reasoners how absurd it seems that Hugh Miller's verdict should silence the surge of the Solway, or Smith of Jordanhill's speculations outweigh the waters of the Clyde ; therefore, I no longer attempt it. But it is absolutely incumbent, notwithstanding, to expose such absurdity when it is solemnly intruded as an argument in the face of fact. This also has been repeatedly done, both by anticipation in the work itself, and in newspaper correspondence since the controversy began ; but without effect. They still persist in their calumnies, without proof ; in their jaunty assertions, without evidence ; in their critical discriminations, without truth ; in their pretended discoveries, without eyesight. Why should I longer seriously discuss a question of importance with such antagonists ? Is it not my privilege rather to ridicule and defy them ; or to lay bare their ignorance to the bone, since no other process can affect them ? I come at last reluctantly to be of that opinion, and hereby give them all due notice, in so far as your columns enable me to do so, that in any future controversy with them I shall act without reserve on that principle. I have no wish to write unpleasantly in the circumstances—far from it. But I have no alternative ; the cause is not my own ; it is identical with the highest interests of European literature—nay, of European history, and can neither be slurred nor surrendered. If they are able to answer, let them gird up their loins now like men and answer me. If not, then let me note every man among them worth noting, as a traitor to the Commonwealth of Letters, who in ignorance or bad faith shall persist in his calumnies. Nothing can be fairer ; and whatever they may have said hitherto in the way of doubt or disparagement on Macpherson's work, I shall avail myself of this opportunity, before waving adieu, to instruct these gentlemen



that his translation of Ossian is a finer work than anything of the sort that will ever be produced by their united most strenuous efforts; and that no work since the days of Moses to the present hour—not even the most commonplace matter-of-fact schoolboy manual of geography—is capable of clearer verification. All this may be so far due to the fact that the Gaelic from which Macpherson translated was truer and better than that which is now in print; but this only makes the question in favour of his honesty and capacity the clearer; and it seems to be one of the strongest proofs of their own incapacity to intermeddle in such an argument at all that an alternative so obvious and natural has never occurred to one of them.—I am, sir, &c.,

P. HATELY WADDELL.  
Glasgow, 1876.

The following is Mr Hector Maclean's reply:—

It appears evident that Dr Waddell is the Don Quixote of the Ossianic controversy, and, armed with his pasteboard shield, which he believes to be made of the trustiest metal, he marches forth to give battle to all and sundries who have a word to say against the veracity of James Macpherson. If the pasteboard shield receives a gash from anyone, that does not prove that it is pasteboard! No! No! but it proves in reality that those who lacerate the pasteboard are disingenuous! perhaps not "honest!" Dr Waddell could always be very severe if he liked, as may be gathered from his own assertions, but being so very magnanimous, he can spare those whom he holds merely to scratch his good steel armour, and consoles himself with the illusion that the gashes are nothing but innocuous strokes! The blows by which he is hit are not fairly given; yet being so very chivalrous he restricts himself "to the mildest form of condemnation!" In these days of analytical inquiry Dr Waddell seems to prefer the Fluellen logic; for it is mostly by this species of logic that he establishes all his points:—"There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth; it is called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my brains what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one; 'tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmon in both."

Dr Waddell seems to be enveloped in Fingalian mists, which prevent him from perceiving clearly and distinctly the force of evidence calculated to dispel his Ossianic delusions. When he complained of the disagreement of Highland Gaelic scholars, I suggested to him the propriety of viewing the subject from German and Irish standpoints, and I pointed to Lhuyd as an old authority that has hitherto stood the test of the new science of comparative philology which was founded in Germany by Grimm, and which has been applied to the Celtic languages so successfully by J. C. Zeuss in that profound and learned work, the *Grammatica Celtica*. To show that the Highland Society's Dictionary and some other authorities on which Dr Waddell depends for his definitions of names are not reliable for philological purposes, I beg to quote the following passages—one from the *Grammatica Celtica*, and the other from Dr Whitley Stokes' *Goidelica*. I have already, in my former letter, quoted Lhuyd's definition of *Dun*, and I quote now Zeuss's explanation of the meaning of the same name, which completely contradicts the definition given in Dr Waddell's book.—"Præmittitur item, quod postponitur in aliis linguis subst. *dun* (castrum, oppidum), in nominibus urbium vel montium castris muniturum."

With regard to the Highland Society's Dictionary and its compilers, I have to say that it was very good in its day, but that it was compiled at a time when Gaelic Scholarship was in its infancy, and when the place of scientific philology was supplied by an inane and trifling species of whimsical etymology. In confirmation of these views I would beg to call the reader's attention to the following passage from the work of one of the greatest Kel-

tic scholars of the day—from Dr Whitely Stokes' *Goidilica*, which corroborates all that I have said of the Highland Society's Dictionary:—"Brath 65, 66 acc. sg. *culbrath*, brád, bráith 4. gen. sg. brátha 41, 'judgment' wrongly explained in the Highland Soc. Dic. as 'conflagration,' Gaulish brātu, W. brawd." I may inform those who have not paid much attention to these matters that *sg.* is a contraction signifying *Codex Prisciani Sancti Galli*, an ancient Irish continental manuscript, and that the figures refer to the Irish or Gaelic glosses.

Many errors equally glaring and absurd may be pointed out in this "confessedly one of the finest works of its sort in modern lexicography." Thirty years ago I thought highly of this dictionary, but such has been the progress of Keltic philology since, that it has completely outgrown the most of Keltic Dictionaries and Grammars, both Kimric and Gaelic. Old manuscripts lying dormant in libraries in Great Britain and Ireland and on the continent have been brought to light by the indefatigable industry of the learned, so that certainty is in a great measure substituted for conjecture.

I deny that there is any irrelevancy in what I have brought forward as evidence in my reply to Dr Waddell, much less is there anything self-contradictory; it appears so only to Dr Waddell in consequence of the distorting influence of his envelope of Ossianic mist. While Dr Waddell is possessed in a high degree of the æsthetic feelings and intellect that can appreciate and discriminate literary excellence, he is evidently too warm and emotional for dealing in a cool, scientific manner with historical evidence, else he could not avoid perceiving that Macpherson's English Ossian—the only Ossian of which, I presume, he knows anything, could not be the production of a North Briton of the third century,—much less could he avoid perceiving that the narratives in Macpherson's English Ossian cannot be the history of any tribe of North Britons in the third century;—nay more, that these prose poems could not have been produced at any other period in the Highlands than at the time when they appeared. The defeat at Culloden ended two Highland insurrections, the object of which was the restoration of a fallen dynasty. A mistaken judgment led noble and generous sentiments astray; but the devotion and heroism of the men that joined in those Jacobite insurrections, must, of necessity, be admired as long as the human heart retains any of its most worthy qualities. Macpherson's boyhood was reared amidst sadness and suffering caused by mistaken but disinterested loyalty. The melancholy that overshadowed his country tutored his genius. Like other men of genius he was the exponent of his age and people. For the construction of his works, he had living heroes and heroines to serve as archetypes for his characters; old mythical poems and tales to supply material for his narratives; and the wild mountain scenery of his native country to suggest his grand but gloomy descriptions of external nature. How lightly literary forgery was thought of in his day appears clearly from the following judicious remarks of the *Saturday Review*:—"But in justice to Macpherson it must be borne in mind that literary forgery was a fashion of the day. And to make the deception so complete as to trick the public into believing it was a sign of talent rather than of knavery. Percy himself restored his relics till they were almost past recognition. It was but a bolder flight in the same direction that bore Macpherson to wealth and fame, ending in a tomb in Westminster Abbey."

I am extremely sorry that Dr Waddell endorses all the vile slander that was heaped on Dr Shaw by some of his countrymen, because he had succeeded in divesting himself of a delusion that had spread far and wide, and was fortunate enough to recover from the Ossianic mania by which so many were infected. In an edition of Tacitus's *Germania* and *Agricola*, by the Rev. N. S. Smith, of Bristol, honourable mention is made of Dr Shaw, who wrote to Smith from Chelvey, of which place he was Rector, April 30th, 1821. A



translation of the speech of Galgacus to the Caledonians into Gaelic by Dr Shaw is to be found in this work.

To attempt to torture geology out of Macpherson's writings, or accurate history out of traditions, myths, fables, giants, and giantesses, in this enlightened age, is supremely ridiculous. So much, however, is Dr Waddell in love with his Ossianic phantasms that no amount of evidence, as it appears to me, can convince him of their absurdity and baselessness.—I am, sir, &c.,

HECTOR MACLEAN.

Ballygrant, Islay, 1876.

## LITERATURE.

**AN TORANAICHE (THE SONGSTER). COMHONRUINNEACHADH DE ORAIN GHÀIDHEALACH.** LE GILLIASBUIG MAC NA CEARACH, 62 Sraid Ar-a-Ghaidheil, Glaschu.

WE have before us the first Part of this work—The Songster—a new volume of Gaelic Songs, many of them now published for the first time by Archibald Sinclair, Glasgow. It is to be completed in five parts, and if the succeeding divisions come up to the one now before us, the work, when completed, will be the handsomest Collection of Gaelic Songs hitherto issued from the press. We have here about seventy songs, making 104 pages of bold, clear, and very readable type; unquestionably the best printed, and the best got up, specimen of Gaelic that has ever yet appeared.

When first told that this work was to be a collection of unpublished Gaelic Songs, we thought Mr Sinclair was making a mistake; for, unpublished Gaelic Songs would, necessarily, only be known in a limited circle, and it requires a good intermixture of well known and popular Gaelic Songs to make any collection attractive to the general reader. The compiler has therefore acted wisely in giving several very well known pieces in the work before us, judiciously arranged among those which have hitherto been almost entirely unknown, even to the majority of Gaelic readers.

Among the best known in this part will be found "Buaidh Leis na Seoid" (which is in the Songster ascribed to Alexander Macgregor schoolmaster, but which was the joint production of himself and brother—the late Rev. Mr. Macgregor of Kilmuir, Isle of Skye, uncle and father of the Rev. Alex. Macgregor, M.A., Inverness), "S' i mo Leannan an Te Uir"; "Nighean Bhan an Achadh-Luachrach"; "A Mhaigh-denn Og nam Meal-shuilean"; "A Mhairi Mhig-shuil, Mheal-shuileach"; "A Ghrugach Dhonn a Bhròillich Bhàn"; "Fleasgach an Fhuil Chraobhaich Chais"; "An Couinne thu Leannan an Cluinn thu"; "A Mhairi Mhin Mheal-shuileach"; "Moladh na Landaich"; "Ho ro mo Nighean Domh Bhoideach"; "Olaidh Sinn Deoch Slainte 'n-Oighre"; "Somidh leis a Mhaighdim"; "Oganaich an Oir-Fhuil Bhuidhe"; "Domhnall Cuimeannach"; "Thogaim Fonn air Lory an Fheidh"; "Cruinneag Bhoideach A'Chuil Bhuidhe"; "Deoch-Slainte Chamhronaich";

"MacGriogar O Ruadh-Shruth"; "Mo Boghainn 's mo Run"; "Ille Bhuidhe"; "Sornaidh Slan Do'n Ailleagan." There are also several excellent songs by the late Dr MacIachlan of Morven, many of which have previously appeared in print, but none of them so well known as they deserve to be. Most of these display real poetic genius; and none of them are without considerable merit. "Dusgadh nan Gaidheil," by Nigel Macneill, is an excellent production, and well deserves a place in the collection. His song to the "Lily" is also good, but he is too fond of contracting his words, a habit which a good poet always avoids as much as possible. The requirements of his metre obliges him far too often to resort to contractions, which indicate poverty of expression and dearth of language: for instance, he writes *teannach* for *teannachadh*; *guailt* for *guaillean*, or *guailleibh*; *cheil* for *cheile* all in one line. In another song—"Boichead," which we think is not worthy of a place in this collection,—he writes *cuimhneach* for *cuimhneachadh*; "*Tha mais' an fath'st is miannaich*" in the same piece, and "*Mu righ-chath'r mais' air neamh*," are two lines which are very stiff and ugly. In another, we meet with *diach'nich* for *di-chuimhnich*. The whole line—"Chà diach'nich mi chaidh ge 'b'e aite d'an teid"—indeed the whole song, "*An t-Eilean Uain' Ileach*" is very stiff. Three of M'Neill's given in this work are highly creditable. "Gearan Gaoil" is very good, but the melody could be improved by making *duinn* in the fourth and sixth lines of the first stanza read *dhuinn*, and *di* in the fourth line of the second stanza *dhi*.

There are many other songs highly meritorious; but especially do we commend the selection from Dr MacIachlan's compositions already referred to, from Dougal Macphail's, and many others; while the part is appropriately brought to a conclusion by "Oran a Phrionnna," by Alexander Macdonald (Alasdair Mac Mhaighstir Alasdair).

Another serious drawback to the work, and one which can easily, and should, be remedied in future parts, and in the table of contents as regards the one before us, is, that many of the songs are without the name of the author. This is a grave defect in a collection otherwise so valuable.

These suggestions and criticisms may appear trifling, but they are really not so, for with a little more attention on the part of the editor the "Songster" would be almost perfect.

We would also suggest that the Editor should spell the same words in the same way throughout the work. We do not like to see *bhuadhnaich* in one place and *bhuanaich* in another, for won; *laoghaich* in one place and *laoich* in another, for heroes; *nunn* and *null*, for over; *fhaoileann* and *fhaoilinn*, for gull; *oigear* and *oigeir*, for youth; *faoighneachd* and *foinneachd*, for asking; *siothionn* (which violates an excellent rule) and *sithian*, for venison; *Gheobhainnse* and *Gheibhinnse*, for I would get; *rudha* and *rughadh*, for a flash or flush; *feigh* and *feidh*, for deer. We do not like such expressions as "*Ca bheil*," for *C'aite 'm beil*; "*Lion do buadhan*," for *Lion do bhuadhan*; *Fhiosam*, for *fhios a'm*; *Fuireachd*, for *fuireach*, or more correctly *fuirich*; *Sgiallaich* for *sgiathail*, flying; *Batait*, for *batail*; *Botainn*, for *botan*; *Am bruthach*, for a *bhruthach*; *Lionteadh* for *lionte*; *Mhain* for *bhan* (down); *Catmhach* (Sutherland

man) for *Cat'ach* (*Cat thaobhach*); *Seoltan* for *siul* (sails); *Feile pleate*, for *feile pleata*, or *pleatach* (plaited); *An t-sobhag*, for *an seobhag*; *An tabaid*, for *an t-sabaid*. We find *tighinn* (coming), when contracted, written *tigh'n* and *tigh'nn* alternately.

Why put *tochar* in *italics*? and why write *jacket*? the latter should be *deacaid*, or *peiteig*. These are important matters, and it is quite within the province of the Editor to secure uniformity as far as possible in the spelling—indeed it is a duty which he owes to his readers. He ought not to consider himself bound by the orthography of his authors, many of whom, although they could compose good poetry, could not write a line, and had to depend upon the best Gaelic scholars within reach to commit their compositions to paper. It is expected, in such circumstances, that the orthography should vary, but that is no excuse for the Editor of such an excellent work as this to allow so many unnecessary variations of an objectionable kind.

Mr Sinclair has placed the Celtic literary world under a deep debt of obligation to him for producing a collection of Gaelic poetry, which promises to be the best collection of Gaelic poetry ever issued. It is the best printed we have seen. It is the best value in the language as regards quantity, and the matter is on the whole remarkably well selected. A little more care in the direction we have above indicated will make the forthcoming part of the work perfect.

**ELEMENTARY LESSONS IN GAELIC READING, GRAMMAR, AND CONSTRUCTION.** Inverness: The Highlander Office. Edinburgh: Macleachlan & Stewart. Glasgow: William Love.

OF late years the many beauties and elementary properties of the Gaelic language have arrested no ordinary share of public attention. Two great causes have conjointly operated to produce this effect. The one arises from the nature of the lately enacted Government School Bill, in which no provision is made for the teaching of Gaelic in Highland parishes; and the other arises from a directly opposite source, viz., the indefatigable exertions of Professor Blackie and others for the endowment of a Celtic chair in one of our Scottish Universities. It will appear at once obvious to all who take an interest in this important subject, that both these causes, which are in reality negative and positive in their tendency, are still working together for the promotion of a boon which must not eventually be denied to our Gaelic-speaking countrymen in the Highlands and Islands. It is a fact that the New Educational Code, in which no encouragement is given for instructing our Highland youth in their native tongue, has aroused the regret, if not the indignation, of a host of philanthropists of all ranks and classes. It is such a palpable fact, that while the Gospel requires to be preached in the districts just named, through the medium of the only language which the natives understand, and while the rising generation must be instructed in the only language which they speak, ample provision is urgently required for the proper training of pastors and teachers, in order to the effectual performance of

their respective duties. The only alternative is the sad one of leaving the poor Highlanders to their fate, and of allowing the youth to grow up in comparative ignorance of the Word of Life, which to them is otherwise a sealed book; and of allowing, on the other hand, the aged to pine away, and sink into their graves, under the great disadvantage of not having the Gospel expounded to them fluently and eloquently in that language which alone can reach their hearts. Fortunately as yet, however, matters have not actually come to this issue, but they are rapidly drifting into it, when clergymen capable of addressing multitudes in their native tongue will become "few and far between." Many worthies in the land deeply deplore this sad state of things. Many learned gentlemen in all quarters of the kingdom use their utmost endeavours to counteract the evils, which otherwise have a tendency to increase. We have learned men, — we have scientific minds and noble characters, — we have principals and professors of Universities, — doctors of divinity and medicine, — ministers of all churches and denominations, — statesmen and rulers, and all grades of society, throwing their differences to the winds, and firmly uniting together to foster this great and invaluable boon for the temporal and spiritual benefit of our neglected Highlanders!

It is fortunate, however, for the Highland student, that under the many disadvantages already alluded to, he possesses one valuable boon, and that is the great variety of Grammars, Primers, and Lesson-books which are brought within his reach, and which he may make available, to a certain extent, for acquiring a correct knowledge of the Gaelic language. While it is not easy for any student to make great progress in gaining a thorough acquaintance with even his native tongue without a teacher, yet, if diligent and persevering, he may receive an amount of insight into his native language, which will surprise himself, by the proper use of the lesson-books published for his benefit. Of these there is a gradation to suit all capacities, from the student of the highest standard, to the boy lisping his spelling-book. The country has been furnished with excellent grammars by such eminent Celtic scholars as Stewart, Munro, Forbes, Armstrong, Macalpin, and others; and latterly we have the very suitable manual of Mr George Lawson Gordon, of Halifax, N.S., which was some months ago favourably alluded to in these pages. We have now the pleasure of adverting to "The Elementary Lessons in Gaelic Reading, Grammar, and Construction," by our talented young townsman, Mr L. Macbean, to which we call the favourable attention of our Highland countrymen, as well as that of our southern friends, who may desire to acquire even a partial knowledge of the Gaelic language. Mr Macbean is a superior Gaelic scholar. He has displayed his critical knowledge of the language in the little manual before us. The "Lessons" were at first compiled, not with a view to publication, but for the benefit of a Gaelic class conducted by him, under the auspices of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. They are now placed before the public in a neat, cheap, and portable form. Mr Macbean deserves much praise for this unpretentious manual. Its beauty and utility consist in conciseness, while at the same time it is full and comprehensive. It required no ordinary skill and tact to make it plain and simple, yet so full and complete. He has prudently avoided abstruse constructions and critical anomalies. He commences at

the beginning, and conducts his pupils forward by easy steps and stages through the entire routine of the various parts of speech. His exercises are graduated and appropriate, and, in addition to all, the student is supplied with a pleasing variety of phrases, vocables, old sayings, Gaelic poetry and songs, and a detached key to solve the whole. A few slight errors have crept in; these, however, we attribute to the compositors, who, we know from experience, do not claim infallibility when printing Gaelic. All Highlanders, and all who wish the Highlanders well, have cause to welcome this little volume, and cordially to thank its author for furnishing them with such sound and suitable "Elementary Lessons."

### LINES WRITTEN NEAR AULTNACRAIG, OBAN.

O'er Morven's peaks bright glowed the  
golden west,  
And I sat down upon a heath-clad hill  
To list the brook sing its sweet psalm of  
rest,  
As on it rippled past the silent mill.

So full of glory was the gorgeous scene,  
Where seemed the beauties of all lands  
combined;  
The gay heath 'mong a thousand shades of  
green,  
The ivy around tree and rock entwined.

The music of the bee, the bird, the brook.  
The mirrored sea where mountains gazed  
with pride,  
The hoary crag, the flower bedappled nook,  
The stately trees thro' which the zephyrs  
sighed;

The crystal fountains and the fragrant air  
So cool and pure, and as the sun went  
down

The lingering glory crowning everywhere  
The lovely braes beyond sweet Oban  
town.

The brook was hymning to the old grey  
mill,  
As on it rippled to the silvery sea;  
And I beheld another on the hill  
Who seemed to listen to its minstrelsy.  
Strangely in keeping with the scene sub-  
lime,  
His flowing locks bathed in the mellow  
light,

Like some grand chieftain of the olden  
time  
Taking his rest from weary chase or fight.

Friend of our mountain-land, our tongue,  
our race,  
The sunbeams haloing thine hoary head  
Are not the noblest crown that doth thee  
grace—  
Learning and virtue round thee lustrous  
shed.

When musing in these bowers at morn or  
eve,  
Tho' fancy with her beauteous wings  
a-fold  
No longer youth's own fairy visions weave,  
Be thine, oh! Blackie, countless thoughts  
of gold.

From the rich chalice of the ancient sage  
Get precious draughts for the aspiring  
youth;  
Unseal the beauties of the classic page  
To fire his soul with nobleness and truth.

Then bright young reapers to the harvest  
come,  
Led by thine eye will bind their golden  
sheaves,  
And when they sing their joyous harvest-  
home,  
They'll bless the hand that gave their  
laurel leaves.

MARY MACKELLAR.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"BENDERLOCH."—We cannot depart from our invariable rule, not to publish any communication unless we are supplied with the writer's name, not necessarily for publication. The question raised is interesting, and we shall be glad to take it up if our correspondent furnishes name and address.